[Intro] Am7 D Am7 D [Verse] Am
Spring comes to Kirrie, all the world s in bloom C D C D Winter is forgiven now, fooled by April s broom Am G C G Kirrie, oh Kirrie, you were aye my hame Am7 G D Til Napoleon s bloody cannon hit their aim [Verse] Am G C G Jeanie, oh Jeanie, I am surely done C D C D Stricken down in battle at the mooth o Boney s guns Am G C G Jeanie, oh Jeanie, aye sae dear tae me Am7 G D Let me hold you in my mind afore I dee [Chorus] Am G C For the cold returns in autumn, when the wind rakes the trees Am7 F G And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
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Am7 F G And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
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As winter begins, aye, mind Boney, it wasn t only you Am7 G D
Who was broken on the field of Waterloo
[Verse]
Am G C G
Surgeon, oh surgeon, leave me wi my pain
C D C D
Save your knife for others who will surely rise again Am G C G
Surgeon, oh surgeon, leave my blood to pour
Am7 G D
Let it drain into the bitter clay once more
[Chorus]
Am G C
For the cold returns in autumn, when the wind rakes the trees ${\tt Am7} {\tt F} {\tt G}$

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And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
                                      C
As winter begins, aye, mind Boney, it wasn t only you
Who was broken on the field of Waterloo
[Verse]
            G
Daughter, oh daughter, listen dear tae me
Never wed a sodger, or a widow you will be
Daughter, oh daughter, curse your lad to die
Ere he catches the recruitin sergeant s eye
[Chorus]
       Am
For the cold returns in autumn, when the wind rakes the trees
                      F
                                  G
And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
                                 Dm
                                     C
As winter begins, aye, mind Boney, it wasn t only you
Who was broken on the field of Waterloo
[Verse]
Boney, oh Boney, war was aye your game
                 D
Bloody field your table, cannon yours to aim
Boney, oh Boney, we are lived the same
        Am7
Drillin laddies not to fear the muskets flame
[Chorus]
                       G
For the cold returns in autumn, when the wind rakes the trees
       Am7
And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
                                 Dm
As winter begins, aye, mind Boney, it wasn t only you
Who was broken on the field of Waterloo
[Chorus]
For the cold returns in autumn, when the wind rakes the trees
And the summer lies forgotten in a cold bed of leaves
                                 Dm
As winter begins, aye, mind Boney, it wasn t only you
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Am7 G D

Who was broken on the field of Waterloo